



Two Kinds of Elephants

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"I" SAID Mrs. Indian Elephant, "am very usual. I'm the kind that is seen everywhere—at the circus, in zoos, anywhere elephants are. When one of your kind comes it is something important. There are forty times as many of us as there are of you."

"What you say is so," the West African Elephant replied. "I have to be especially ordered if they want



me. Then, too, the Mrs. Indian Elephants are less important than the Mr. Indian Elephants. They must be especially asked for, too, I believe."

"That is so," said Mr. Indian Elephant. "I am about 9 feet tall now and my weight is more than 8,000 pounds, while my tusks are 36 inches in length; so I have something to be proud of, eh?"

"I'm not 8 feet in height, barely 7 feet, in truth," said the West African Elephant, "and my tusks are but 10 inches long. They are different from yours, and I have five toes on each forefoot and four on each hind-

foot. Yes, I am rare. But you're a very intelligent creature, and you can do many tricks. Also, you have a wonderful memory."

"I can't remember everything, for I don't know everything," said the Indian Elephant, waving his trunk, "but I'll tell you one thing—I'd like to know why they named packing trunks after our trunks. Now, we love summer. We like to lie about in the warm sunshine and dream and think and sleep and doze. We don't care about summer holidays. And so I wonder how they ever happened to name trunks after us or parts of us after trunks."

The Pygmy Hippopotamus at the Zoo

"SOMETIMES," said Master Pygmy Hippopotamus, "it's very funny to see them—and by them I mean the visitors who come to the zoo. They don't know what we are, they don't know at all."

"Now, they guess and they're apt to guess rather close to what we are. They imagine we're relatives of the noble Hippopotamus family, but they like the keeper to introduce us."

"They seem to be astonished when the keeper tells them that a grown-up, full-sized hippopotamus, such as I am, is only one-fourteenth the size of a regular hippopotamus, which shows we're pretty small. Still, if one compares us to a sparrow or a squirrel, we're good sized. It all depends!"

"Ah," said Miss Pygmy Hippopotamus, "tell of our capture. I love to hear about it and so does my brother."

"I will tell the story again," said Master Pygmy Hippopotamus, "because it has a beautiful beginning, an exciting middle part and a pleasant ending."

"In the good old days back

in Liberia, which is in the western part of Africa, we lived in the river swamps, where there were forests and where we hid under the great trees and behind the huge roots. Great and exciting were those days, and interesting was life in the dark, swampy forests and along the rivers.

"But there came a day when men came and captured us. We were living in a great hole in the bank of a river, where trees hung down over our homes and shaded our beautiful chocolate-colored bodies. The men dug

pits into the runways we had made and they built sides to the pits, which were so steep we could not climb out. And then we were caught and put into great basketlike crates which were slung on poles and carried through the great forest swamps until a river was reached, when we were put on boats, and finally put on bigger boats, and last of all brought here to the zoo. We get good food and are safe here at the zoo. It's not so bad."

